

## Give Thanks—Rejoice—Celebrate.

The millions are joyful to-day. The heart of the Nation responds to the brave work executed by the skill and valor of our heroic defenders. To-day it is a proud thing to be an American. To-day millions of voices join in the glad chorus of victory. To-day the People meet to give thanks, to rejoice, to celebrate.

"Our Father's God, in thee,  
Author of Liberty,  
To thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With Freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy night,  
Great God, our King."

To-day the thunders of cannon, the exultant shouts of multitudes, and the dreams of triumph are borne away together around the land. To-day the farmer's plow stands idle in the bartering soil. To-day the door of business stands not ajar. To-day the sanctuary is filled with the reverent thanksgiving throng. To-day the Nation is swaying and pulsating with the mighty emotions which crowd the hour.

And well may the people rejoice. They have abundant cause. The war approaches a final termination. The Nation, with its giant load of interests and hopes, is saved—moved for the present and all the future. Peace draws near, when bloodshed shall cease. Let the people give thanks and celebrate. Let all the Earth rejoice.

## THE DAY.

The day brings with it exciting memories—some of pain, some of pleasure. Four years ago this day the American flag was lowered from the ramparts of Sumter in the face of a traitorous, rebellious foe. The hoarse, fearful rattle of hostile cannon told us all too plainly that the degenerate sons of South Carolina had rallied in thousands around the dark flag of Disunion. Our own countrymen, our own friends, our own brothers, stood with bayonet and saber ready to pierce the heart of our country—ready to dip their hands in fraternal blood. Had the foe been foreign we could better have borne the stroke; but being of our own household the pang was stinging. And these are the painful memories of the day.

But there are other glorious memories which come up from that historic day. The cannon which crumbled the walls of Sumter aroused the People to a fervid patriotism akin to that which burned in the days of Lexington. The peaceful hum of industry everywhere abated. The stalwart farmer youth quit his plow like Putnam in the old and better days. Roman Cincinnatus loved not his country more than these loved theirs. In fellowship with peace the Nation sought to avoid the horrors of war; but when it became solely a question of Life or Death to her she hesitated not to gird about her loins the armor of conflict. From the distant gold fields on the wild shores of the Pacific, to the towering pine-clad hills of Maine; from valley and prairie the land rose; like Poles from their mountain fastnesses, sprang the Millions at the tocsin of defense. "Brave self-sacrifice was coveted. Nobler women than the Spartan matrons gave husbands, and sons, and betrothed ones, to fight as well and die as bravely as did the heroes at the famous Pass of Thermopylae. Party lines were effaced, and with a union of hands and a union of hearts walked forth the patriots to battle for the "green Graves of their Sires, God and their Native Land." And these are the glorious memories of the day we celebrate.

## THE RESULT.

After four years of war—of painful, bloody war—we are near unto the end. Four years ago to-day the Nation was wrapped in the gloom of defeat. To-day it celebrates the grandest victories. The rebel power is broken. Its greatest army is destroyed. Its famous military leader is a prisoner of war. They seek refuge from the scorn and hatred of a betrayed and outraged people. They will endeavor to reach some foreign land. But wherever they go, they will each in the anguish of their souls utter the cry of misery:

"He miserable! which way shall I fly  
Infelicitous, and infinite despair!  
Which way I fly am hell, myself am hell!"

The day of great battles, of wholesale slaughter, has passed by. The suppression of small bands of armed men, roving guerrillas, is but a question of time. The one great fact is assured, that the Republic is triumphant. There is no more doubt, no more despair, no more gloom. The people have tested their strength. It has not been found wanting in power to maintain free Government. The result is not less gratifying to us than it is astonishing to foreign nations. Democratic Government has been tried in the fiercest of all tests—the test of civil war. Its power of self-preservation, as exhibited here, amazes the world. Aristocrats deplore the result. The Young Republic of the Western World is mistress of the Nations. Her Navy is stronger than that of England. Her Army is stronger than that of France. She has no equal—no peer.

## TO WHOM THE NATION IS INDEBTED.

First, be thanks and praise to the God of Battles, who has stayed the "ebastion-

ing hand," and graciously permitted victory to crown the efforts of our Armies. To the God of our Fathers be the glory. And, secondly, be honor and fame, and fame, to the brave soldiers of the Republic. The Nation can never fully discharge the debt of gratitude it owes to its heroic defenders. History does not record an instance where men have voluntarily suffered so much for their Country.

"O'er many a dark and dreary vale  
They passed, and many a region dolorous;  
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp;  
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, and shades of death—  
A Universe of Death."

Through four long years of battle and of death have they stood without flinching, without shrinking, and all to save the common heritage. To them be respect and support. To them, be the post of honor forever!

But, Alas! multitudes have gone down in the fierce conflict, and are beyond the hearing of our feeble words of praise and reverence.

"Where sleep they Earth?—by no proud stone  
Their narrow couch of rest is known;  
The still and glory of their name  
Hallows no mountain unto Fame."

But we can cherish their memory, and hold it sacred through all time. And now that the struggle is past, let us move gently yet efficiently to heal the ghastly wounds it has left us. Let us tenderly care for all the maimed and sickened. And let us bestow our sincerest sympathies, and invoke God's choicest blessings, upon all the heart-broken—the shattered reeds—the light, and life, and joy, and love of whose homes and hearthstones are extinguished forever.

AND MAY GOD GRANT LIBERTY AND LONG LIFE TO THE REPUBLIC.

## The Surrender of Lee's Army.

The surrender of Lee's Army is the most important event of this war. Both in its magnitude and in its consequences, it stands without a parallel. And as a victory, it is of more value to the country than any previous success. The victory of Fort Donelson; that of Pea Ridge; that of Vicksburg; that of Gettysburg; that of Missionary Ridge; that of Atlanta; that of Cedar Creek; the victory of Sherman's march to Savannah; that of his march to Fayetteville; that of his march to Goldsboro; the victory of Wilmington; that of Charleston; and that of Richmond—all these were most important victories for a nation in the death-struggle for existence. But after they had all been fought and won, the mainstay of the Rebellion—Lee's veteran Army—remained.

The capture of Richmond was a great victory for our cause; not that the place was of any very great strategic importance, but because it was the capital of the Rebellion, in which congregated the master-spirits of the Confederacy, and to defend which was marshaled the most powerful army of treason; and, also, because, for four long years we had been wasting endless treasure and the best blood of the nation to break up the rebel seat of Government. Its possession re-inspired our army and electrified the country. It woke up and re-kindled the fires of patriotism. It cast a pall of gloom over the South. It enabled our National authorities to declare to foreign people that the rebel Government, *de facto* existed no longer.

But the capture of Richmond, without the capture of Lee's army, was by no means the end of the power of the rebellion. So long as that army of tried warriors, under their consummate General remained, there was danger of no insignificant importance to the country. The armies of the Confederacy could fight without a capital. So long as they remained, organized, under a competent leader, in a country of vast resources, they could do effective battle for their cause. Armies, not cities, were the support of the rebellion.

On that historic Monday morning, Grant and Sheridan tarried not to make pompous entrance into the city of their conquest. Leaving a single corps of colored soldiers behind, they pushed on, bravely, nobly. Lee made endeavors to reach the Danville road, that he might form a

junction with Johnston. But Sheridan was ahead of him, and Lee was forced to retreat in the direction of Lynchburg. With indomitable perseverance and energy our forces followed him, and finally crowded him to the wall, where he was held as in a vice. He could not retreat. He could not longer successfully offer resistance. He surrendered himself and his whole army to Grant!

And thus was broken up the grand rebel Army of Northern Virginia. The termination of its career was reached. It gave itself up. It fell; and with it fell the great Rebellion. With Lee a prisoner the Confederacy is without a military head. There is none left to direct the movements of the rebel armies. Johnston can not hold out against Sherman. Mobile and every other important point in rebel possession, must speedily succumb. Even Jeff. Davis himself must now lose faith in the success of his cause. His government is at an end, and he must seek personal security in flight to some foreign country.

And thus after four years of war, of battle, of bloodshed, of sorrow, of danger, we are a Nation! The Republic stands erect in the pride of its power and glory. Its armies are strong enough to sweep from end to end of the Continent. Our territory is all our own. The Union is preserved. Liberty and safety are insured. The perpetuity of the Government is rendered certain. We have maintained the Nation's honor. Our flag is untarnished. It has lost no stripe, no star. The Nation is United, Free, Triumphant!

## The State Convention.

It has been decided by the State Central Committee to hold a Convention, for the nomination of State Officers, at Columbus, on Wednesday, the 21st day of June. The basis of representation will be one delegate for every five hundred votes cast for President Lincoln in 1864. According to this representation, Greene County will be entitled to seven votes. The several Counties are requested to hold their meetings for the selection of delegates on Saturday, June 10th.

The representation from the army, as determined by the State Central Committee, will be as follows: 1 delegate for each regiment, and for each regiment having a fraction of 250 Union votes over 500, 1 additional delegate; for each separate organized battalion, 1 delegate, and for each independent battery, 1 delegate—the latter being entitled to only a half vote in the Convention.

## THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly  
The sign of hope and triumph high.  
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,  
And the long line comes gleaming on,  
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,  
Has dimmed the gleaming bayonet,  
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn  
To watch thy meteoric glories burn.  
And as his springing steps advance  
Cath war and vengeance from the glance;  
And when the cannon's mouthings loud,

Heave, in wild wreaths, the battle shroud,  
And gory shafts rise and fall,  
Like shafts of flame on midnight's pall,  
There shall thy victor glances glow  
And covering fess shall sink below  
Each gallant arm, that strikes beneath  
That awful messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave  
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave.  
When death, careering on the gale,  
Sweeps darkly round the belted sail,  
And frightened waves rush wildly back,  
Before the broadside's rolling rack,  
The dying wanderer of the sea  
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,  
And smile to see thy splendors fly  
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's only home!  
By angel hands to valor given,  
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
And all thy lines were born in heaven.  
Forever fast that standard aloft!  
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,  
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
And Freedom's banner waving o'er us.

Jeff. Davis proposed last fall "to wipe out the name of Sherman from the roll of Yankee Generals." Since then Sherman has written his name not only once "upon the roll of Yankee Generals," but all over the States of Georgia and the Carolinas.

## THE GREAT VICTORY.

## The Surrender of Lee's Army.

## The End of the Rebellion.

GENERAL GRANT TO THE SECRETARY OF WAR.  
Curtis House, Va., April 9.  
Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:  
The following correspondence has taken place between General Lee and myself. There has been no relaxation in the pursuit during its pendency.  
[Signed,] U. S. GRANT, Lieut.-Gen.  
GRANT PROPOSES THAT LEE SURRENDER.  
April 7, 1865.

Gen. R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.:  
General: The result of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood, by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States Army known as the Army of Northern Virginia. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,  
U. S. GRANT,  
Commanding Armies of the U. S.

April 7, 1865.  
General: I have received your note of this date. Though not entirely of the opinion you express of the hopelessness of the further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and, therefore, considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer, on condition of its surrender.  
[Signed,] R. E. Lee, General.  
To Lieut.-Gen. U. S. GRANT, commanding Armies of the U. S.

GRANT'S ONE CONDITION.  
April 8, 1865.

General R. E. Lee, commanding C. S. A.:  
General: Your note of last evening in reply to mine of the same date, asking the conditions on which I will accept the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, is just received. In reply, I will say that Peace being my first desire, there is but one condition I insist upon, viz: that the men surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms again against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged. I will meet you, or designate officers to meet any officers you may name, for the purpose of arranging definitely the terms upon which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia will be received. Very respectfully,  
your obedient servant,  
U. S. GRANT,  
Lieutenant-General Com'd'g U. S. A.

LEE WANTS TO TREAT ON PEACE.  
April 8, 1865.

General: I received at a late hour your note of to-day in answer to mine of yesterday. I did not intend to propose the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, but to ask the terms of your proposition. To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender of this army; but as the restoration of peace should be the sole object of all, I desire to know whether your proposals would tend to that end. I would not, therefore, meet you with a view to surrender the Army of Northern Virginia; but as far as your proposition may effect the C. S. forces under my command, and tend to the restoration of peace, I should be pleased to meet you at 10 A. M. to-morrow, on the old stage coach road to Richmond, between the picket lines of the two armies.

Very respectfully your obedient servant.  
R. E. Lee, General, C. S. A.  
To Lieut.-Gen. Grant, Commanding Armies of U. S.

GRANT DECLINES PEACE NEGOTIATIONS.  
April 9, 1865.

General R. E. Lee, commanding C. S. A.:  
Your note of yesterday is received. As I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace, the meeting proposed for 10 A. M. to-day could not lead to any good. I will state, however, General, that I am equally anxious for Peace with yourself, and the whole North entertain the same feeling. The terms upon which Peace can be had are well understood. By the South laying down their arms, they will hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives, and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed. Sincerely hoping that our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another life, I subscribe myself  
Very respectfully your obedient servant,  
U. S. GRANT, Lieut.-Gen. U. S. A.  
WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON,  
April 9—9 P. M.

To Major-General Dix, New York:  
This Department has received the official report of the surrender this day of General Lee and his army, to Lieut.-Gen. Grant, on the terms proposed by General Grant.

[Signed,] E. M. STANTON,  
Secretary of War.  
HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE U. S.,  
April 9—4.30 P. M.

To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:  
General Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia this afternoon, upon the terms proposed by myself.

The accompanying additional correspondence will show the condition fully.  
[Signed,] U. S. GRANT, Lieut.-Gen.  
GENERAL LEE TO GENERAL GRANT.  
April 9, 1865.

General: I received your note of this morning on the picket line, whither I had come to meet you, and ascertain definitely what terms were embraced in your proposition of yesterday with reference to the surrender of this army. I now request an interview, in accordance with the offers contained in your letter of yesterday, for that purpose.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,  
R. E. Lee, General.  
Lieut.-Gen. Grant, Command'g U. S. Armies.  
GEN. GRANT TO GEN. LEE.  
April 9, 1865.

Gen. R. E. Lee, Commanding the Confederate States Armies:  
Your note of this date is but this moment (11:50 A. M.) received, in consequence of my having passed from the Richmond & Lynchburg road to the Farmville & Lynchburg road. I am at this writing about 4 miles west of Walter's Church, and will push forward to the front for the purpose of meeting you. Notice sent to me on this road where you wish the interview to take place, will meet me.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,  
U. S. GRANT, Lieut.-General.  
APPROXIMATE COURT HOUSE, April 9.  
Gen. R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.:  
In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst, I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to-wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged; each company or regimental commander sign a like parole for the men of their commands.

The arms, artillery and public property, to be parked and stacked and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by the United States authorities so long as they observe their parole, and the laws in the force where they may reside.

Very respectfully,  
U. S. GRANT,  
Lieutenant-General.

LEE ACCEPTS GRANT'S TERMS.  
HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VA., April 9.  
Lieut.-Gen. U. S. Grant, Com'd'g U. S. A.:  
General: I have received your letter of this date, containing the terms of surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst, they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,  
R. E. Lee, General.  
THANKSGIVING FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT.  
WAR DEPARTMENT, D. C.,  
9:30 P. M., April 9, 1865.

To Lieutenant-General Grant:  
Thanks be to Almighty God for the great victory with which He has this day crowned you and the gallant army under your command. The thanks of this Department of the Government and of the people of the United States, their reverence and honor have been deserved and will be given to you and the brave and gallant officers and soldiers of your army for all time.  
[Signed,] E. M. STANTON,  
Secretary of War.

Salute of 200 guns to be fired.  
WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON,  
10 o'clock P. M., April 9.

Ordered that a salute of two hundred guns be fired at the headquarters of every army and department, and at every post and arsenal in the United States, and at the Military Academy at West Point, on the day of the receipt of this order, in commemoration of the surrender of General Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia to Lieutenant-General Grant and the army under his command. Report on the receipt and execution of this order is to be made to the Adjutant-General at Washington.  
EDWIN M. STANTON,  
Secretary of War.

Sabbath School Meeting.  
The Ministers of the Xenia District will meet in this city, on Wednesday, April 19th, to consult about raising money for Missions and other interests of the Church.

The afternoon business meeting will be in Trinity Church at 2 P. M. and the evening Public Sabbath School Meeting at 7 o'clock in the first M. E. Church. Addresses will be delivered by Rev. M. Clark, of Lebanon, Rev. Mr. Parrott of Monroe, and Rev. Mr. Giddis, of Yellow Springs. The meeting will be of interest, and should bring out a crowded house.

## THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

BY HILDS O'BRIEN.

Bad luck to the man who is sober to-night!  
He's a coward-hearted bodger, or sayest  
Scotchman,  
Whose heart for the Old Flag has never been right.  
An' who takes in the fame of his country no pleasure.  
Och, murder! will none o' yez hold me, me dears!  
Or it's out o' me shkin wid delight I'll be jumpin'!

Wid me eyes swimmin' round in the happiest tears,  
An' the heart in me breast like a piston-rod thumpin'!  
Musha, glory to God! for the news you have sinit,  
Wid your own purty fash, Misher President finkin'!  
An' may God be around both the bed an' the tint  
Where our bally boy Grant does his atin' an' thinkin'!

Even Shintan, to-night, we'll confess he was right,  
Whin he played the coud scratch wid our *hane-you-his-car-his*;  
An' to gallant "Phil Sherry" we'll drink wid delight,  
On whose bright plume o' fame not a spot o' the dark is!

Let the chapels be opened, the altars illumed,  
An' the mad bells ring out from aich turret an' steeple;  
Let the chancels wid flowers be adorned an' perfumed,  
While the *Sogariths*—God bless 'em!—give thanks for the people!

For the city is ours that "Mac" sought from the start,  
An' our boys through its streets "Hall Co-lumbia" are yellin';  
An' there's Payce in the air, an' there's pride in the heart,  
An' our flag has a fame that no tongue can be tellin'!

To the dand wid the shoddy-contractors, an' all  
Them gold speculators, whose pie is now "humble"!  
The cost o' beef, pratin', an' whisky will fall,  
An' what more could we ax—for the rints too will tumble!

On the boys who survive, fame an' p'nzions we'll press,  
Every orphan the war's med, a home we'll decree it;  
An' aich soldiers young sweetheart shall have a new dress,  
That will tickle her hayro, returnin' to see it!

Oh, land o' thrus freedom! oh, land of our love,  
Wid your generous welcome to all who but seek it—  
May your stars shine as long as the twinklers above,  
An' your fame be so grand that no mortal can speak it!

All the winds o' the world as around it they blow,  
No banner so glorious can wake into motion;  
An' wid Payce in our own land, you know we may go,  
Just to settle some thriflin' accounts o'er the ocean!

So come, me own Eileen! come Nora an' Kate,  
Come Michael an' Pat, all your Sunday days carry;  
We'll give thanks in the chapel, an' do it in shate,  
An' we'll pray for the souls o' poor Murtagh an' Larry.

Woe! me! in the black swamps before it they sleep,  
But the good God to-night—whose thrus faith they have cherished—  
His angels will send o'er the red fields a-shweep,  
In aich could ex breathe—"Not in vain have you perished!"

So bad luck to the man who is sober to-night!  
He's a coward-hearted bodger, or sayest Scotchman,  
Whose heart for the Old Flag has never been right.  
An' who takes in the fame of his country no pleasure!

Och, murder! will none o' yez hold me, me dears!  
For it's out o' me shkin, I'm afraid, I'll be jumpin'!  
Wid me eyes swimmin' round in the happiest tears,  
An' the heart in me breast like a piston-rod thumpin'!

New-York, April 9, 1865.

## Lee's Surrender.

New York, April 11.—The Herald publishes a list of the general officers surrendered by Lee. It comprises the General-in-Chief, three Lieutenant-Generals, seventeen major Generals, and sixty-one Brigadier Generals; among them are Anderson, Echols, Ewell, already a prisoner, Finnegan, Heath, Bushrod Johnson, Kershaw, Longstreet, Mahone, McCausland, Moseby, Ould, the Exchange Commissioner, Pemberton, Pickett, Rosser, Sorrel, and Henry A. Wise. The number of men actually surrendered by Lee is from 20,000 to 22,000.

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

## Extras.

We shall print a few Extras this morning containing merely the inside matter of this week's issue.

Meeting at Firemen's Hall on Monday Evening.

Monday morning brought with it the cheering news of the surrender of Lee's army; and, also, the Proclamation of the Governor of Ohio, appointing Friday, the 14th inst, as a day of Thanksgiving and Rejoicing for our Victories. It was at once decided by our citizens that we should duly celebrate the day in Xenia. Accordingly, a meeting was called for Monday evening to make the necessary arrangements. E. H. Munger was called to the Chair, and James Kyle was appointed Secretary. By a unanimous vote of the meeting, the citizens were requested to illuminate their houses on Friday evening. A committee of two was appointed to request the County Commissioners to illuminate the Court-House. A committee of twelve, consisting of three from each Ward, was appointed to make necessary arrangements for the celebration. A Finance committee, consisting of one from each Ward, was also appointed. It was moved by the meeting that J. W. King be requested to donate five kegs of powder for the occasion. To the request he assented. It was moved and passed that the President and Secretary of the meeting should request Gov. Brown to be present on Friday and address the people. It was moved by the meeting that all the veteran soldiers in the County be requested to participate in the celebration, and that a post of honor in the procession be assigned them. A committee was appointed to procure all the drummers and fifers that could be obtained. We have not in our possession the names of the members of all the committees. We hope to receive the report of the Secretary of the meeting. Rev. Findlay announced that there would be service in the 1st U. P. Church on Friday morning, at half past ten o'clock. Eloquent and stirring speeches were made by Rev. J. H. Hill and R. D. Harper. The meeting joined in singing "Rally Round the Flag," and "John Brown's Soul is Marching On." The best of feeling, and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed. Let the Celebration be a grand one.

## The Celebration in Xenia To-day.

The Committee of Arrangements has adopted the following order of exercises for the celebration in this city to-day:

"Ringin' of all the bells, from five to six o'clock A. M., and a salute of Thirty-seven guns, under the supervision of Capt. Geo. B. McPherson.

Thanksgiving services in Rev. Dr. Harper's Church, commencing at 10 o'clock.

Assembling of the National Guards at the Court House at three o'clock. Singing by the Glee Club, and speeches by Gov. Brown and Col. J. Given.

ORDER OF EXERCISES FOR THE EVENING.  
Ringin' of all the bells at six o'clock, and a salute of thirty-seven guns.

Meeting of the citizens again at the Court House. Singing by the Glee Club, and Martial Music.

FORMATION OF THE GRAND PROCESSION.

Under Col. R. Stevenson, assisted by Major Fisher, Capt. A. King, Stally Stemble, John Brown, and Wm. Herritt, in the following order:

Colors—Color Bearer, J. A. Brown, of the 74th Regiment;—Blue Lights;—Music;—Veterans;—National Guards with their Music;—Seminaries and Schools under their Professors and Teachers;—Music;—Citizens.

The procession will move at 7 o'clock as follows:

Form the right resting on Detroit street. North, up Market to Columbus, Columbus to Church, down Church to West, thence to Water, up Water to Detroit, thence to Second, up Second to Columbus, thence to Main, down Main to West, thence to Second, up Second to Detroit, thence to Market, down Market to West, thence to Main, up Main to the Court House, where the grandest display of fireworks will be exhibited ever witnessed in Xenia.

Bonfire under the direction of Marshal Bailey.

A general invitation is extended to all the citizens of the County to participate in the exercises of the occasion.

## RICHMOND IS OURS.

RICHMOND IS OURS! Richmond is ours!  
Hark! to the jubiliant chorus!  
Up, through the lips that so long repress it  
Up, from the heart of the People! God bless it!  
Swelling with loyal emotion,  
Leapeth our joy, like an ocean!  
Richmond is ours! Richmond is ours!  
Babylon falls, and her temples and towers  
Crumble to ashes before us!

Glory to Grant! Glory to Grant!  
Hark! to the shout of our Nation!  
Up, from the Irish Heart, up from the German—  
Glory to Sheridan!—Glory to Sherman!—  
Up, from all Peoples calling,  
Freedom's high loyal plighting—  
Glory to all! Glory to all!  
Heroes who combat, and Martyrs who fall!  
Lift we our joyous ovation!

Fling out the Flag! Flash out the Flag!  
Up from each turret and steeple!  
Up, from the cottage, and over the mansion!  
Fling out the symbol of Freedom's expansion!  
Victory crowneth endeavor!  
Liberty seals us forever!  
Up, from each valley, and up from each crag,  
Fling out the Flag! Flash out the Flag!  
Borne on the breath of the People!

Richmond is ours! Richmond is ours!  
Hark! how the welkin is riven!  
Hark! to the joy that our Nation convulses,  
Tearing all leavies to the cannon's loud pulses,  
Voices of heroes ascending,  
Voices of martyred ones blending,  
Mingling like waves on Liberty's towers,  
"Richmond is ours! Richmond is ours!"  
Freedom rejoiceth in Heaven!  
A. J. H. DEVLIN.